Beautiful Washington

Joyce

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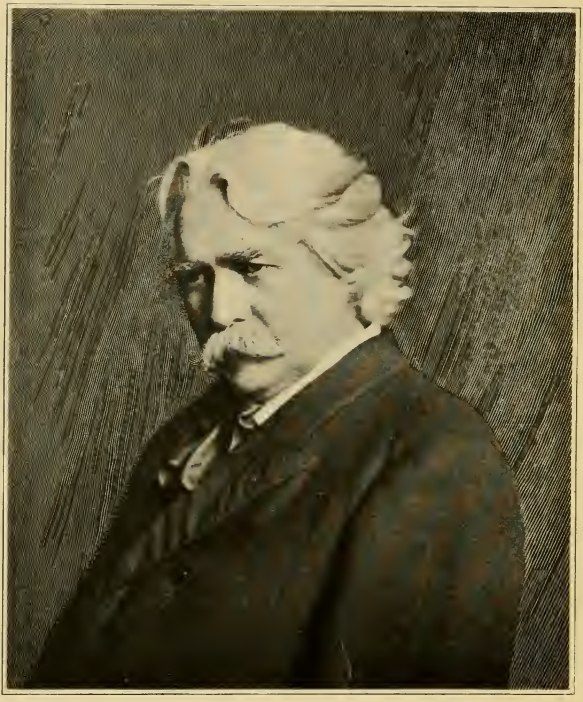

BELL, PHOTOGRAPHER, WASHINGTON

Yours to Eternity.
John A. Joyce.

BEAUTIFUL WASHINGTON

BY

Colonel JOHN A. JOYCE

Author
Checkered Life, Peculiar Poems, Zig-Zag,
Jewels of Memory, Oliver Goldsmith,
Complete Poems, Edgar Allan Poe,
Brickbats and Bouquets,
Songs, Etc., Etc.

Beauty rules the Serf and King,
Beauty reigns in everything.
—JOYCE

GIBSON BROS., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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COLONEL JOHN A. JOYCE.

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OCT 22 1915

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DEDICATION.

I dedicate this volume to the purity and patriotism of the American people, whose bravery and blood, for more than a century, have cemented the foundation stones and structure of the National Capital, and solidified forever the Union of the great Republic.

J. A. J.

PREFACE.

My object in writing this book is to show the world the great natural, historical, and architectural advantages of Washington City, the most beautiful capital on the globe; and although Paris and London are fifteen hundred years older, the young Republican Giant of the West is the superior of ancient cities in the promulgation of universal education, mechanical and scientific invention, commercial progress, liberty, equal rights, and prosperity for all mankind.

It is my intention to deliver this as a lecture through the cities of the nation, and present on canvas more than a hundred views of the principal sights and scenes of Washington.

J. A. J.

Beautiful Washington

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

The discovery of America by the immortal Columbus was the greatest event in human history, with the single exception of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth.

Cortez, Pizzaro, Balbao, Velasquez, and Magellan, Spanish adventurers and conquerors, following the pioneer pathway of Columbus, destroyed the aborigines of Central and South America, and left a trail of fire and blood from the everglades of Florida to the stormy waters of Patagonia.

Americus Vespucius, John Cabot,

Sir Walter Raleigh, and Captain John Smith navigated along the Atlantic shores of North America, and brought to this Western Continent the strict principles of the Puritan and the chivalric characteristics of the Cavalier.

At the dawn of the seventeenth century the settlements of Jamestown and Plymouth Town gave very poor promise of the rich blessings that crown our glorious Republic today, and while the shores of Chesapeake Bay were lashed with stormy waves and fed by the springs of the James, Rappahannock, and Potomac, they could not chill or kill the indomitable will power of the daring and ambitious Caucasian, who for more than ten thousand years has migrated from the sunny plains of the Orient to the golden sands of the

Occident with the rapid sweep of an eagle over the icy wastes of Alpine peaks!

From the mouth of Chesapeake Bay to the headwaters of the Potomac, springing from the crests of the Appalachian chain of volcanic mountains, roaming tribes of red men filled the forests and lived a life of peace and war along tangled vales and sunkissed cliffs, where the deer, buffalo, panther, and bear gave food and raiment, and where the red bird, turkey, and eagle furnished feathers for the adornment of these children of Nature, who could be destroyed by the million to retain and preserve the wigwam and liberty of their ancestors, but would not be enslaved like the black man from the Congo or Sierra Leone.

Captain John Smith, in the spring

of 1608, with his weather-beaten ocean crew, sailed up the Potomac to the mouth of the Anacostia, near the present site of the Government Arsenal and Navy-Yard, Washington. They found the river full of fish, its romantic banks blooming with wild flowers and fruits, and birds of rarest plumage and melodious notes (alas! now banished forever by the cruel English sparrow), flitting through this new Arcadia like variegated specks of shimmering sunshine.

Captain Smith found bands of Indians, who called themselves Patowomacks. They greeted him kindly and traded furs, dried venison, and fish for glass beads, gaudy-colored calicoes, knives, and tomahawks.

The waters of the Potomac, Ohio, Missouri, Mississippi, and Colorado, for ages, had echoed to the war-

whoops of the roaming red man; and even thousands of years before his advent on this continent the Mound Builders and Mayas of Yucatan—implacable enemies—lived, loved, fought, and died, leaving unnumbered remains under the hillsides and banks of these grand rolling rivers.

To-day only a torn remnant of the red man remains, and in a few short years he will be as extinct as the vast herds of bison that roamed over the plains and mountains of Columbia.

As a race they have vanished from the land, and long ago saw their doom in the red colors of the setting sun. Powhatan, King Philip, Black Hawk, Osceola, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull have gone to the "Happy Hunting Grounds," to rest in peace with the Great Spirit.

There is nothing constant but

change. Morning follows night, and spring follows winter. Strange and unknown are the ways of Providence.

" God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

INFANT WASHINGTON—NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The site of Washington City, two hundred and ninety-five years ago, was occupied by an Indian village, scattered along the vernal windings of the Potomac.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, . . .
But where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?"

A hundred years later, in 1798, the archives of this young Republic had

been removed from Philadelphia to the straggling farm village of the Carrolls, Duddingtons, Beals, and Burns. The seventeen original Government reservations, consisting of 541 acres, were sold by the land proprietors for sixty-eight thousand dollars ($68,000). The other day, one lot, 30 by 150, on Pennsylvania avenue, sold for one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000).

The assessed value of the Government real estate in the District of Columbia, untaxed, is $300,000,000, while the total valuation of private property, taxed, is $200,000,000, making a grand total valuation of $500,000,000.

At the beginning of this century Washington was tauntingly called "The Serbonian Bog;" "a city of streets without houses;" "a capital

of miserable huts," and a "city of magnificent distances," where the croak of the bull-frog and the lone cry of the heron echoed back the caw of the crow and the shriek of the hawk and the eagle.

Peter the Great and Washington established and surveyed the capitals named in their honor, and out of swamp and woods erected on the Neva and Potomac two of the grandest cities in the world, destined for a thousand years to rule the nations of the globe.

Russia and the United States combined possess an internal force of rugged manhood that is not equaled on earth, and so long as the bear and the eagle remain friends the earth and the air shall be their undisputed dominion!

The progress of this city and nation

is the most marvelous in human history. In the single span of a hundred years, only a lifetime, we have excelled in science, manufacture, literature, statesmanship.

Who can surpass our Franklin, Morse, Henry, and Edison in the broad field of electricity?

Who can compete with Fulton, Howe, Whitney, McCormick, and Professor Bell in mechanics?

Who can excel for beauty of diction and originality of thought Washington Irving, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Edgar Allan Poe?

In statecraft Washington, Hamilton, Paine, Jefferson, Henry Clay, and Lincoln excelled and outwitted all the diplomats and monarchs of Europe; and these illustrious names will go ringing down the ages as long

as Liberty lingers on the earth or stars sparkle in their eternal spheres.

In the last three hundred years the world has progressed more than it did during the previous three thousand.

Contrast the small brass cannon, three feet long, of Cortez the conqueror of Mexico—on exhibition at the Washington Navy-Yard—with the thirteen-inch rifled cannon, forty feet long, being manufactured at the great gun establishment, not fifty feet away from the Spanish progenitor.

Compare the New Mexico and Arizona wooden-wheeled ox-cart with the electric automobiles now running in Washington and every city of the Union.

Look at the first railroad locomotive built in the United States, running 20 miles an hour, and compare it with that magnificent locomotive,

No. 999, that runs a hundred miles an hour on the New York Central.

Then gaze on the Indian war canoe in the National Museum, that may speed seven miles an hour, and contrast it with the great war canoe Oregon, that can skim over the ocean waves at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and grapple and conquer any war vessel that monarchy can send against us.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, GENERAL AND STATESMAN.

George Washington, the adventurous surveyor, the daring and dignified general, and the pure and lofty statesman, was President of the United States when the Capital was established in Washington. The Massachusetts patriots, led by the eloquent James Otis, had, long before, de-

fied the British Government by throwing the taxed tea into Boston Harbor. The ringing words of Patrick Henry: "Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" sounded like a fire bell at midnight, startling the nations and shaking the thrones of the Old World with the seismic force of an earthquake!

The Declaration of Independence had been proclaimed from the towers and housetops of Philadelphia, and the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall, cherished as emblems of our freedom, remain yet to cheer our children onward and upward to a higher and nobler destiny.

The Revolutionary War had been desperately fought for nearly nine years; the Constitution of the United States had been adopted by the thirteen original States, and that glorious

and immortal instrument of the Creator—Washington—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, was the living vidette of the young Republic, springing like Minerva out of the tottering and tyrannical head of the Jupiter of Monarchy!

Washington! Look at him! See that noble face and lofty brow that towers among us like Mount Rainier, shining through golden sunsets above the crags and hills that nestle at its base.

"Art to his fame no aid has lent;
His country is his monument!"

REGULAR ARMY SOLDIERS' HOME.

Stand and contemplate with me for a few moments at the statue of General Winfield Scott on the heights of

the Soldiers' Home for the Regular Army, located northeast of the Capital.

The Home was established in 1848, just after the Mexican War, from a fund of ninety thousand dollars ($90,000), part of a forced levy made on the city of Mexico by the hero of "Lundy's Lane."

The principal income of the Home is from a tax of twelve and a half cents per month, retained from the pay of the enlisted men of the Army.

There are generally about one thousand soldiers enjoying the benefits of Uncle Sam's hospitality, and they range in age from nineteen to ninety, disabled by long service, sickness, or wounds.

The annual expense of the Home is about $200,000, and the accumulated surplus fund has reached the snug

sum of $2,500,000, invested in United States bonds. So you see republics are not ungrateful, not ours at least; and if we consider the annual pension appropriation of $140,000,000, the people of the United States may congratulate themselves as the most generous benefactors on the globe to their soldiers.

And yet, when you stop and seriously think that were it not for the battlefield soldiers, from the Revolution of 1776 to the close of our Rebellion in 1865, we would have no country to-day, and the God-given colors of "Old Glory" would not flash and float over our grand Capitol and country.

It's easy now to talk, criticize, and fight battles with your *pen* and *mouth*, but the real "soldier boys" never did it that way! We quit fighting at

Appomattox, and shook hands as friends and Americans; the "Boys in Blue" and the "Boys in Gray," retiring quietly to their homes to live in peace as law-abiding citizens. Such a sudden disbandment of a victorious and conquered army, in the spring of 1865 and 1866, melting away from the furrows of war to the furrows of peace, was never before witnessed on the earth; and the magnanimity of the victors and the loyal acceptance of the imposed conditions by the vanquished, is unparalleled in history.

Like dashing ocean spray,
The "Boys" in "Blue" and "Gray"
Sank back to lives of peace
When war had its surcease.

A GLORIOUS VIEW.

Gazing from the Soldiers' Home, as the slanting beams of evening irra-

diate the earth, and the cardinal colors of the dying day blend the gloaming with the night, you behold the rolling hills of the "Old Dominion" lift their vernal crests over the rippling waters of the upper Potomac.

The far-off forest trees of Arlington and Oak Hill nod their emerald heads to the traveler, while the sighing winds chant a requiem over the soldiers and citizens, encamped forever on the upland slopes of Omnipotence.

Oak Hill entombs the dust of many illustrious men. Edwin M. Stanton, the great War Secretary, and Iron Arm of the Rebellion, rests under a granite shaft, not more compact or firm than the heroic character it memorializes.

Immortal Stanton, thy name and fame
shall grow,
While all our lakes and streams shall flash
and flow;
Or while Columbia holds her onward sway,
And lifts her eyes to greet the God of day.

Green be your memory and glorious be your
grave;
Forever over mountain crag and wave,
Your loyal name shall shine as pure and
bright,
As stars that glitter in an arctic night.

The "Boys in Blue" and every Union soul,
Shall sound your praises while the centuries
roll;
And Honor, with unfading flowers of fame,
Shall twine her tributes round your death-
less name!

James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight, rests in this romantic cemetery, beside the remains of his son and daughter, with a small headstone, and no monument to mark the lonely spot where sleeps the late edi-

tor, author, Senator, and Secretary of State.

Yesterday his name and glory filled the hearts of men. To-day he lowly lies, scarcely mentioned by the long train of devotees that waited on his smile; and to-morrow he will be but a faded memory, to point a moral or adorn a tale.

"How soon we are forgotten when we are gone!"
Ah! vain, vain all his pomp and his pride;
Broken-hearted, bereft, disappointed, he died,
And left to the world, but the sound of his name,
The sheen of ambition, the shadow of fame!

John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," has a marble monument and bust, erected to his memory by the philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran. In life Payne was a poor, forlorn, wandering Bohemian,

often without food, shelter or home; and yet his simple words will go sounding down the years, when even the memory and productions of statesmen and warriors are lost in forgotten graves. The man who could not borrow a shilling in life from old friends has had erected to his memory a costly marble monument; and so, for thousands of years, shafts, towers, temples, and pyramids have been reared, *not for the glory of the dead*, but for the *laudation, vanity, and glory* of the living!

My own poetic lines may fit this special case:

When I am dead, let no vain pomp display,
A surface sorrow o'er my pulseless clay;
But all the dear old friends I loved in life,
May shed a tear, console my child and wife!

When I am dead, some sage for self-renown,
May urn my ashes in some park or town;
And give, when I am cold and lost and dead,
A marble shaft where once I needed bread!

No! my friends:

If you have a flower to give me,
Let me know its sweets to-day;
Place it not upon my coffin
When my soul has passed away!

Poets have been particularly unfortunate in not securing plenty and peace in life, and yet when the shadows of death and time have enveloped their frail forms and sensitive souls, monuments in marble and bronze lift their heads to tell the world of the genius that sleeps below.

The poet's life is crushed by cruel wrong;
He learns in suffering what he thinks in song!

If Homer, Dante, Tasso, Burns, Keats, Poe, and Payne could, by some mysterious power, rise from the grave to-day, they would view, no doubt with amazement, the fulsome and generous tributes received after death

as a contrast to the thoughtless neglect and poverty endured in life.

Many a poet, profound or ethereal, is like a wandering spirit shot out of a celestial sphere into a strange planet where his soaring and sensitive nature wears out his weary wings battling against the sordid creatures that stare in wonder at the brilliant colors of his plumage.

Some day he is found dead in a little corner of the globe, his bright wings folded forever, his lips closed, his impulsive, warm heart cold, and his classic face furrowed with the wrinkles of uncongenial elements that have left him a broken wreck on the cheerless shores of time.

Over the cold ashes of the poet the world will halt for a moment with mournful mien and heave a sigh over the grave of buried genius. Yester-

day he suffered for sympathy and bread; to-day a funeral train honors his memory; to-morrow a monument will point posterity to a prodigy of celestial aspirations whose sympathetic songs will thrill the hearts of mankind adown the crowding ages!

CLASSIC ARLINGTON.

Arlington, the great National Cemetery, holds within her emerald bosom seventeen thousand heroic warriors. Like an Egyptian queen, in mournful majesty, gazing on the eternal waters of the Nile, Arlington rears her romantic head to the sky and bathes her feet in the murmuring waters of the Potomac.

The gnarled oak, the cedar, and sighing pine echo back the caw of the crow and the song of the wild bird,

and through the morning sunlight and evening twilight the various voices of nature chant a requiem over the moldering remains of our loyal dead.

This spot is dedicated to heroism. Its green sward is the mausoleum of patriotic hearts; its dome the bending heavens, and its altar candles the watching stars of God!

As the years glide away and coming centuries usher into life millions of human beings, Arlington shall be a mecca for the unalterable principles of truth, and around its undulating vales and green hillocks the spirit of love and loyalty shall kneel at the vespers of nationality and swing perfumed censers at the holy shrine of prayer and patriotism.

Monuments in marble, granite, and bronze lift their modest or preten-

tious heads, appealing to the memory of those who wander near the lowly bed where valor sleeps; but when these emblems of love and remembrance shall have passed away and crumbled into impalpable dust, the truth for which they died shall shine out like the rising sun and be as lasting as eternity.

The home of romance, wealth, and slavery has become at last the sepulcher of the dead, and the laughing musical voices of the proud past are but a memory in the columned mansion of General Robert E. Lee.

A man of modest worth and sincere mold,
Who never sold his soul for gain or gold;
And when the Fates decreed that war should cease,
Surrendered manly and retired in peace!

Sheridan of the Army, and Porter of the Navy, sleep their last sleep in

front of Arlington, and the Stars and Stripes, floating from the tall staff, throws its glinting shadows over the heroes that rest below.

Long regimental lines of white headstones fade away into forest vistas, and Sheridan seems to ride again down the valley through Winchester to turn retreat into victory.

Templed unlike the Roman Pantheon or Coliseum, the divinities of Arlington are dedicated to lofty patriotism, and its worshipers are a Christian people. From its classic porch the eye beholds to the east and north, across the Potomac, the mansions, steeples, and domes of Washington and Georgetown Heights, framed in by the rolling hills of Maryland.

To the south and east the eye of the traveler may linger on the historic Long Bridge and Alexandria,

and the church where Washington worshiped, and the hotel where Jackson shot Colonel Ellsworth on the 10th of May, 1861, and where, in turn, Frank Brownell, whom I knew intimately, killed Jackson.

In the dim distance a chain of forts and earthworks rear their crumbling heads. Thirty years of rains, snows, and suns have wrinkled their bald brows, yet Dame Nature, with her universal kindness, has covered the rude scars of war with the daisy, the morning-glory, forget-me-not, and Virginia creeper.

The ploughshare of industry has leveled down the red ridges of rebellion, and where once the reveille and long roll of battle resounded, the horn of the husbandman calls his toilers of peace from fields of waving grain and golden fruit to the rustic board of joy and love.

The brave hearts that are stilled forever at Arlington dedicated their lives to liberty and immortalized their devotion by death.

Who will care for their loved mounds when we are gone? Who will then strew roses and plant bright flowers in the May time of nature? Other patriotic hands of brave men and fair women will take up the task of duty, and even when all but liberty has perished from the earth, the robin and the blue bird, the red bird and the mocking bird, will warble at sunrise sweet songs over the green sod that wraps their sacred clay. Nature herself will deck the graves of our fallen heroes, and the caressing winds of heaven will chant a requiem to their memory and kiss the loved spot where valor slumbers.

Thousands of loved soldiers rest in

the "Unknown" grave. Here is the tomb of 2,111 soldiers whose remains were picked up on the battlefields of Virginia. Many of the "unknown" sleep in a land of strangers, where the tears of love cannot moisten the green shroud that mantles their ashes. But if no kind hand is near to strew sweet flowers or loved eye to shed the tear of sorrow, there is One that reigns among the eternal stars that daily floods the "Unknown" grave with sunshine and nightly waters the budding wild flowers with dews from heaven.

The known and the "unknown" are gone forever—

No more to battle where muskets rattle,
And blood flowed free as water from a spring;
At rest forever beside the river—
The Nation's chalice with its offering.

The flag they fought for, the end they
sought for,
Shine grandly in the Union of to-day;
And no false reason or trumped-up treason
Can from its granite moorings cut away.

No sunlight streaming or moonlight beaming,
Shall ever shine for those brave hearts
again;
Their race is finished, yet undiminished,
Their glory triumphs o'er the battle plain.

Unborn ages on golden pages,
Shall tell the story of their loyal cause;
And how they perished for rights they cherished—
Defending freedom and her honest laws.

VALOR NEVER CONQUERED.

The Confederate Cemetery, for many years outside the north wall of Arlington, contains the remains of two thousand "Boys in Gray" who were killed or died in prison or hospital in and around Washington, and they sleep as peacefully as those in-

side the National enclosure. No word of mine shall ever impeach the bravery of the men who fought and fell for the sunny South, and died for what they deemed to be the right. We were brothers of the same maternal line; and God grant that hereafter we may kneel at the same shrine and worship at the same altar of prayer and patriotism, upholding "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people!"

And, my friends, let us honestly remember that—

The grass grows as green o'er the conquered,
  As where the victorious lie;
They fell, with a "Yell" for a watchword,
  That taught their proud manhood to die.

And when victory garlands her heroes,
  Who perished in bloody detail,
She will not crown the long line of Neroes,
  But the truthful, who struggle and fail!

"The Blue and the Gray" sleep forever side by side, and no man or nation now or hereafter will dare doubt the valor of American soldiers.

"These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the 'Blue,'
Under the willow, the 'Gray.'

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding river be red,
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the 'Blue,'
Tears and love for the 'Gray.'"

ALEXANDRIA AND MOUNT VERNON.

From Arlington step aboard the fast electric train along the banks

of the Potomac to Alexandria, seven miles away. Christ's Church, with its shining steeple, is soon in view. It is built of brick and was dedicated in 1765, ten years before the battle of Lexington and Concord.

Washington worshiped here for many years, and was an active member of the vestry. The "First Families" of Virginia would wait about the church door every Sunday morning for the good and great George to put in an appearance with his loving wife Martha, when mutual salutes were given and all entered the house of worship.

The pew where Washington sat is still used, and thousands of travelers have reclined on this relic.

About forty years ago I met an old man whose grandfather, George Jackson, was a personal friend and neigh-

bor of Washington. He was in the habit of boasting that young George Washington could outdance, outrun, outwrestle, and outride any of the "bloods" of Fairfax County, and was a favorite with "the girls," and a field champion with "the boys" in the rural sports of the day.

He was stalwart in mind and body; weighed two hundred pounds, stood over six feet in his socks, wore a number eight hat, twelve-inch boots, and had his gloves made to order. His wife Martha, with the aid of her colored servants, wove on her own loom the brown jeans suit he wore when sworn in as President of the United States. She wore a cloak of blue "linsey-woolsey" on the same occasion, and she didn't have any variegated bird wings, tails, or top-knots on her bonnet either.

Washington was one of those broad-gauge, wide-open men, with a high, square brow and a great gray eye, that looked into the motives and acts of his fellows. In fact, he was a born leader, and his very presence was a command.

No wonder that King George, Lord North, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis quailed and surrendered to this lofty and liberty-loving "Rebel!"

Let us now proceed south over rolling hills and winding creeks to Mount Vernon, the home and last resting place of the Father of his Country. Here is the old-fashioned, Southern home, embowered amid lofty trees, encircled by ancient boxwood, trailing vines, and fragrant flowers—situated on a high hill overlooking the broad waters of the Potomac, with a view from its turret sixteen miles away to the Capital of the Republic.

Mount Vernon, like Jerusalem and Mecca, shall be a central point through the ages for the faithful who believe in Liberty, Law, and Religion. After retiring from the Presidency, Washington, with his charming household and slaves, lived a life of Arcadian bliss, reveling in rural sports, commingling with admiring neighbors, and going to the polls and depositing his ballot, like the simplest citizen, for the man of his choice.

Like another Cincinnatus, he left the cares of state behind him and again put his hands to the plough of domestic duty.

As lord of the soil, with point of the plough,
He recorded the fruits of the year;
On the parchment of earth by sweat of his brow,
He toiled with a jolly, good cheer!

Here is the room and the bed where he died, after an overseer and four

doctors tried to strengthen and save his life by a liberal "blood letting"—at least a quart; and all this ancient medical treatment for the cure of quinsy. And it was not much of a day for bleeding either. But the doctors did the best or worst they could.

The present tomb of Washington is a modest brick enclosure, containing the marble sarcophagus of the great man and his wife. Martha might have been a typical Grecian or Roman matron in the palmy days of those renowned republics.

The "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association" is now the custodian of the estate. It cost $200,000 in 1860, and has a surplus fund and an income sufficient to maintain it in good condition.

POTOMAC SCENERY.

Let us now embark from Mount Vernon by river on the steamer that plies between this Mecca of American patriotism and Washington City.

Fort Washington, three miles up the Potomac on the Maryland side, has been recently remodeled and equipped with modern armaments for war emergencies; and I'm not giving any secrets away by saying to the monarchies of Europe that if they should ache for a land or water fight, Uncle Sam can give them a first-class torpedo and dynamite reception from Cape Henry and Cape Charles, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, to the Washington Arsenal and Navy-Yard, where our great guns are manufactured.

The Arsenal has been a noted spot

for nearly a hundred years, being mainly an artillery camp. It was here in the spring of 1865 that Mrs. Surratt, Atzerot, Harold, and Payne were executed for the conspiracy and assassination of President Lincoln, the greatest crime since the murder of Cæsar.

There has been a great deal of maudlin sentiment expressed about the hanging of Mrs. Surratt, but if any unbiased person will read the direct testimony in the case he will find absolute proof of her complicity in the dastard conspiracy.

General Winfield Scott Hancock, the hero of Spottsylvania, was president of the court that tried her, and Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, the pure patriot and loyal statesman, was Judge-Advocate, while Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was President of

the United States, and could have extended clemency if he desired.

I know of no good reason, however, in morals or law, why a female conspirator should not be punished equally with the male criminal. Lucretia Borgia was as bad as Booth.

Let us continue, northwest on the Potomac, through the draw of the Long Bridge, built under the administration of General Andrew Jackson for the purpose of joining the District of Columbia with "Old Virginia."

Could this old bridge speak what a tale it could tell of the millions of human hearts that beat across its creaking timbers, who lived, loved, and passed away like the mist of the morning.

The scattering retreat of the Union Army over this bridge, after defeat at Bull Run on the 21st of July, 1861,

might furnish many thrilling, pathetic, and ludicrous scenes. Straggling soldiers, political patriots, mercenary camp followers, cattle, and mules were swept away in a wild rush to the rear.

THE ARMY SUTLER.

But there was one historic character, the army sutler, and his mule team, that halted long enough to dispose of his stock in trade to the weary "Boys in Blue."

The sutler, if you but knew him, was a great patriot in his way—and for revenue only. When we advanced to "the front," he was always in the rear, and when we retired to the rear, he was always in front.

Some years ago Governor Curtin, at a Loyal Legion banquet at the Arlington Hotel, asked me to im-

mortalize this peripatetic *army store and saloon-keeper* in verse, and with your permission I'll give a pen picture of that benevolent genius, who "would a sutler be, that profits might accrue":

I sing the song of the Sutler,
Who fought in the battle of life,
The song of the prize-package "Artist,"
Who never got into the strife.
Not the song of the jubilant soldier,
Who never forgot to lay claim
To the "greenbacks" that stuck in the "Jack Pot"
At the end of a winter-night game.
But the song of the beautiful Sutler,
Who traveled in sunshine and rain,
For the sake of the "Almighty" dollar,
And whatever else he could gain;
And his youth bore no flower on its branches
But his age was a bright sunny day,
For the prize that he gloriously grasped at
Was the cash that he carried away.
And the work that he did for the army—
In the rear of the soldiers was seen,

Where he set up his crackers and herrings,
And the smell of the festive sardine,
That he sold to the boys on a credit,
Or the clamp of a paymaster's lease;
And six boxes he gave for five dollars,
While the rest brought a dollar apiece.
While the world at large sheds a tear,
To the hero that may be bereft,
I drink to the Grand Army Sutler,
Who never was known to get left!
Who rushed to the front when the camp-fires
Lit up all the hills without fear;
But at the first crack of the rifle,
He galloped away to the rear,
With his pipes, his tobacco and whiskey,
And his barrels of sour lager beer,
And he never let up on his running
Till the Long Bridge appeared to his view,
Where he opened up shop in his wagon,
And "roped in" the gay "Boys in Blue."
How he held to his faith unseduced,
With the glint of the cash in his eye;
And for this great cause how he suffered!
For the cash, not the country, he'd die!
Then rear to the Sutler a temple,
Of granite and brass that will stay,
Where the spirit of Shylock shall hover,
And beam on the "Blue and the Gray,"

That once paid a tribute to genius,
With a gall that no mortal could rule,
And a smile like a lightning-rod peddler,
And a cheek like the Grand Army mule!

GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS.

A couple of miles up the Potomac from the Long Bridge, near the head of Analostan Island, you behold the so-called Aqueduct Bridge and the classical Georgetown University, its sky and star-kissing towers looming up like another group of castles on the romantic Rhine.

The bridge once carried along its creaking and crumbling timbers the turbid waters of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, conceived and encouraged by General Washington for the purpose of intermarrying the trickling rills of the Ohio River with the mountain brooks of the Potomac—

That leaps and roars and glides and pours
Its waves o'er rocks and lea;
And through the bay, so far away,
Is tossed into the sea.

Georgetown College was established by Bishop John Carroll, cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, in the year 1789, and has been ever since successfully carried on by the Jesuit fathers, brave and faithful followers of St. Ignatius Loyola, Las Cassas, Marquette, and De Shmitt, and were among the earliest pioneers of religious and material civilization in this Western Hemisphere. They have left their footprints and their names indelibly impressed on the mountains, lakes, streams, and cities of this giant Republic.

The greatest good to the greatest number, and the largest liberty for all, was their motto.

Freedom for all to worship God!
Should be our country's pride;
I care not how you kneel or pray—
For man, our Saviour died.

CABIN JOHN BRIDGE—GREAT FALLS.

Continuing up the Potomac we see pine-clad cliffs throwing their ghostly shadows over the storm-scarred rocks and troubled waters of the Little Falls and Chain Bridge.

Close to the southern end of this bridge Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and John Randolph, of Virginia, fought a duel in 1826. Randolph at the first fire sent a bullet through the dress coat of Mr. Clay, when the seconds interfered and insisted on a truce. Courtesies were finally exchanged, when Clay jocularly remarked: "Mr. Randolph, you owe me a new coat." The satirical and eloquent Virginian replied: "Mr. Clay, I shall be de-

lighted to give you an order on my tailor for a new suit."

Thus did statesmen settle affairs of honor in those chivalric days, but not always with such happy results. The Cilly and Graves, Barron and Decatur, and many Bladensburg duels closed with blood and death. The code, at least, made people particular about giving insults.

We may now take the electric train along the Palisades of the Potomac to Glen Echo, a festive and musical resort, where—

"Joy leaps on faster with a louder laugh,
And sorrow tosses to the sea his staff;
Then pushes back the hair from his dim eyes
To look entranced upon our shining skies!"

Cabin John Bridge, a mile away, spans a brawling creek, and carries over its granite shoulders the great

volume of water that supplies Washington and its three hundred thousand people.

The bridge and conduit were built by General Meigs of the Regular Army, under the administrations of Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln, costing up to date nearly five millions of dollars. It is the longest single stone arch in the world—220 feet long and 100 feet high from the center of the creek.

Standing beneath the lofty arch, in the month of June, with the wild flowers in bloom, the birds building nests and singing to their mates, and the warm sunshine glinting among the emerald hills and the soft south wind sporting with zephyrs among the palpitating leaves of the forest, lovers of nature and her gracious God may gaze entranced upon the summer scene.

Echo, the wood nymph, also plays her sportive and fantastic part, for, under the northwest end of the graceful span, sweethearts and gallants, youth and old age, may talk to each other in whisper or organ tone, and receive in return—"measure for measure." The traveler can get a volume of "back talk;" and, my friends, that's where the ladies have no natural advantage over us "poor," "downtrodden," "humble," so-called "Lord's of Creation."

Seven miles to the northwest we suddenly come upon the roaring waters of the Great Falls and a long granite dam, that turns the rushing Potomac aside into the head of the brick tunnel, nine feet in diameter and sixteen miles to Washington.

The eternal voice of the falls sounds in the lingering ear like the wizard

wail of Time. Day and night, through countless ages, this incessant chorus has no ending. Rains, snows, storms, and lightnings have beaten and lashed these rugged rocks and foam-tossed waves. Grand and sublime are the works of the Creator!

I hear in the voice of the thunder,
The glory and greatness of God;
I see in the flash of the lightning
The sweep of his glittering rod.

I feel in the rush of the rain,
The flow of His melting tears;
And I hear in the midnight winds
The music of all the spheres.

I see in the limitless ocean,
The swell of His heaving breast,
And long for the hour when I shall sink
To His bosom of infinite rest!

ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTIES.

A closer view of Washington will fascinate the traveler with its rare

sights, and strongly impress him with the progress and patriotism of our young Republic; and, wonderful to say, there are living to-day men and women who were present at its birth.

Grouped along and around Pennsylvania avenue are a number of interesting objects to the tourist from foreign lands, and even local citizens should endeavor to see and know the rare things that lie at their doors, unnoticed and unappreciated. Strange to say, how ignorant we are of the beauties and romantic scenes of our own country while running after the gaudy and glittering sights of the Old World. We, of course, cannot boast of templed ruins, six thousand years old, dedicated to Isis and Osiris, crumbling, ivied mantled palaces and pyramids erected by slaves, as homes and tombs to the memory of forgotten kings.

No! but we can point to the loftiest stone monument on the globe, five hundred and fifty-five feet high, raised by freemen to the memory of General George Washington, whose name shines out to-day and shall shine adown the ages with a luster that time cannot dim nor tyrants destroy.

The corner-stone of this grand monument was laid in the hearts of the American people; its shining marble face is typical of their purity and patriotism, and its bright aluminum cap, courting the radiant sunbeams and mystic moonbeams of Jehovah, is the symbol of their celestial aspiration! A bird's-eye view from the top of this great stone shaft, with Washington and the rolling hills of Maryland and Virginia shining at your feet, with the serpentine Potomac flowing by its base, is well worth a trip from any part of Europe.

Poetry—the sigh and song of the soul; Music—the essence of the Divine; Sculpture—breathing thought in marble and bronze, and Painting, purity of ideal on canvas, finds a hearty reception and earnest welcome in this land of Law and Liberty.

The new Corcoran Art Gallery is the classic resting place and mausoleum of ideals, evolved and fashioned by the soul of genius—a poem in pure white marble.

Millions yet unborn will visit the columned corridors of this gallery, and get inspiration for a better and higher life from the dumb, though speaking memorials that artists have left behind in marble, bronze, and pictured poetry.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Charlotte Corday, whose melancholy face you see behind those prison bars, is one of the most sought for memorials in the gallery. The self-sacrificing, heroic act of this beautiful country girl, appeals to the heart of mankind; and so long as love of liberty finds lodgment in the soul, her honored name and daring deed will be fondly remembered. Although poor, she was descended from a noble family. The French Revolution, with its untold horrors and dying groans, echoed over the vine-clad hills of France and rebounded among the crags of the Pyrenees, where this young girl heard its fearful wail. Her father and friends had been arrested, thrown into prison, or sent unceremoniously to the guillo-

tine. She belonged to the liberty-loving Girondists and hated the monstrosities of the Jacobins, led by Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. In the silence of her own soul she conceived and determined to rid the world of Marat, a tyrant and fiend incarnate. He had been known before the Revolution as a quack doctor, a blackmailing, scurrilous newspaper fellow, and a thief! This glorious girl, after days and weeks of hunger and toil, arrived in Paris, and after several efforts, found the tyrant in his bath-tub.

She presented a petition for the release and pardon of her father and friends, and received the reply: "Tomorrow they shall go to the guillotine, and 200,000 more shall follow in their pathway!" Hearing this, she immediately plucked from her

gown a concealed dagger and plunged it through the tyrant's heart, who gave one wild shriek and died like a poisoned rat!

Thus perished that devil incarnate on the 13th of July, 1793. Four days after, the Revolutionary Tribunal sent her to the guillotine. Her last words to her confessor were—"I killed a tyrant, and I'm proud of my act!"

NAPOLEON AND CÆSAR.

Behold Napoleon sitting in marble contemplation looking over a map of the world, figuring, no doubt, how to rob, ruin, and murder mankind for his inordinate and insane ambition. "Such a consistency and inconsistency were never united in the same man." "A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretending

patriot, he impoverished the country, and in the name of Brutus he grappled without remorse and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars." He was the incarnation of egotism! The king's charity scholar from Corsica became the enemy of his benefactors. He was naturally mean and mathematical, daring and cowardly, as shown by his bold attack and flight from Waterloo, and his murder of three thousand Arab prisoners in Egypt. Instead of perishing with his Old Guard, on the field of slaughter, he fled like a poltroon to Paris, and was immediately forced to abdicate his imperial crown, and, in fear of his own people, sneakingly ran away and surrendered to a British sea captain, and was swept over the ocean to die a broken-hearted exile on the barren rocks of St. Helena.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike, the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Julius Cæsar, born July 12, one hundred years before the birth of Christ, surpassed in military genius Pompey and Crassus. His assassination by his illegitimate son Brutus and sixty other Senators, was the acme of ingratitude and cowardice. During the career of this wonderful man, poet, orator, warrior, historian, and statesman, the conquering eagles of Rome swept like a cyclone over the romantic crags of the Appenines, the hot sands of Egypt, the vales and mountains of Spain, the isles of Greece, the plains of Gaul, the Black Forest of Germany, and over the sea to Britain and Ireland.

Then, as if wheeling in a circle of victorious grandeur, he crossed the Rubicon, in defiance of a jealous Senate, and entered Rome, with his battle-scarred legions, to perish at last by the hands of cowardly conspirators.

He was of a noble and kingly presence, standing more than six feet, slender and pale, with prominent nose, large flashing black eyes, bald head, wearing no beard. He had marvelous versatility, and excelled in everything he undertook, and died at the age of fifty-six.

The divine Shakespeare singles him out of the human race as the greatest mortal of all ages. Listen to his sententious encomiums pronounced by his friend and compeer, Marcus Antonius:

"O Mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? . . .
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times. . . .
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!"

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Emerging from the east door of the gallery, guarded by two bronze lions, we look across the street and see the imposing State, War, and Navy Department rearing its bright granite columns, six stories high, into the glaring sunlight. The War Department was first established in 1789; and when the Government archives were removed to Washington in 1800, a brick building was erected.

In 1881 this grand structure was

erected to accommodate three Departments; and the stone columns of the old building were removed to Arlington Cemetery and set up as memorial gateways to that beautiful home of the dead. This building is four hundred and seventy-one feet long, two hundred and forty feet wide, and two hundred feet high.

At the old site, on the northeast corner, Jefferson Davis once sat as Secretary of War, under the administration of Franklin Pierce. Afterwards his name became world-wide and notorious as the President of the Southern Confederacy.

Stanton, his former Democratic friend, became his successor as Secretary of War under the administration of the immortal Lincoln. For a period of four years of battle and blood Stanton struggled against re-

bellion with inveterate desperation, and with the aid of Grant and his soldiers throttled and choked it to death and tumbled its fabric into the crimson waters of the Appomattox!

WHITE HOUSE—PRESIDENTS.

The White House, or Executive Mansion, immediately to the east of the War Department, is an object of great interest to travelers from foreign lands, and a never-failing source of joy and pride to every American. Thousands of strangers visit and view the building every week in the year, and every American school boy is taught to believe that he may occupy it as President of the United States, if, like George Washington, he is truly good and never told a lie!

Many of our Presidents came from the common people; and we have had

very few aristocrats, and even those were not like Royal Bluffers.

Jackson was a poor orphan boy and Indian fighter; Polk was rocked in a sugar-trough cradle; Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," was a farmer's boy; Lincoln was a rail-splitter and boatman; Johnson was a tailor; Grant was a tanner; Garfield was a roustabout canal boy, and McKinley was raised on a farm and enlisted as a private soldier. Roosevelt had the advantage of wealth, education, and ambition.

All our Presidents have been men of veracity. The promises they give before election, they keep after election—in cold storage! Put absolute trust in man when he is a corpse.

The White House was the first Government building put up in Washington. The corner-stone was laid, with

Masonic honors, on the 13th of October, 1792. James Hoban, a bright young Irishman, was the architect. He planned the building almost exactly after the beautiful palace of the Duke of Leinster at Dublin, and Washington himself inspected and superintended its erection. After much financial trouble, the sandstone building was finished and occupied in the winter of 1799, a few days before the death of Washington. It cost a quarter of a million of dollars—a big sum for the young Republic to pay for the home of its Executive. The satirists of the day called it the "President's Palace." Washington, who really originated its expansive halls and rooms, looked far ahead. Even after a lapse of a hundred years it looks well and fills its purpose today. We are proud of it anyhow,

because it has sheltered some of the greatest men that ever lived on the earth.

On the 24th of August, 1814, after the battle of Bladensburg, our good friends, the British soldiers, set fire to the building, after eating a very fine dinner that the beautiful "Dolly" Madison had prepared for a large number of invited guests. For some reason the "redcoats" fled precipitately, and, strange to say a heavy, providential fall of rain poured down and extinguished the fire.

The house was afterwards repaired, President Madison and his "Darling Dolly" living temporarily in the Octagon House, or Tayloe Mansion, still standing, as you may see, on the corner of Eighteenth street and New York avenue.

The East Room is the largest and

finest in the White House, being eighty feet long and forty feet wide. Many grand receptions have been held here. Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Earls, Statesmen, Warriors, Orators, Painters, Sculptors, Musicians, and Poets, of world-wide renown, have trod these halls, embellished with all the gay and brilliant hues of pomp and glory.

I have enjoyed some rapturous moments circulating under its grand chandeliers, with the pictures of Washington and his good wife Martha beaming, in lifelike pleasure, on the shifting scene.

Youth, beauty, gallantry and love enhanced the fleeting hour, while Professor Sousa and the Marine Band rendered mellifluous airs.

"A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke
again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell!"

Yes, I truly felt there the philosophy of my own verse:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you!
Weep, and you weep alone!
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth;
It has troubles enough of its own!
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared
wine,
But alone we must drink life's gall.
There's room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and a lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
  Fast and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, t'will help you to live,
  But no one can help you to die.
Rejoice, and men will seek you,
  Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
  But they do not want your woe.

STATUES—JACKSON, LAFAYETTE.

The angles, circles, squares, and parks of the Capital are numerous, and among its most attractive adornments. There is no city in the world that excels Washington for its broad streets and long avenues. Viewed from the dome of the Capitol, through the soft airs and warm sunshine of leafy June, the "City of magnificent distances," with its steeples, towers, and lofty mansions, looks like a cluster of rubies and opals enmeshed in an emerald setting—brilliant as the variegated gems in a jeweler's window.

Lafayette Square, across Pennsylvania avenue from the White House, is a broad open space, embellished with rare flowers and evergreens, shrubs, pines and old elms, shading bronze statues of illustrious heroes.

The equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, posed on a rearing bronze horse, is a sight to behold! I have been on horseback in actual war myself, but I have never had an animal "cavort" with me in that im pulsive fashion! Surrounding the base of the statue are four weather-beaten cannons that were captured at the battle of New Orleans from the British General Packenham, who was killed in that memorable battle. It was the greatest fight in history for the number and kind of troops engaged. A few thousand Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana "bush-

whackers," "hunters," "farmers," and "storekeepers," killed and wounded more than two thousand lordly "redcoats." They had been with Wellington on the "Continent," and at the imperial battle of Waterloo! And yet, "Old Hickory" Jackson, an Irishman's son, humbled the pride of the British lion, and tore from its staff the "Union Jack" and the "Cross of St. George," trampling the colors of monarchy into the swamps of Louisiana!

The statue of Marquis de Lafayette and his compeers, presented to the United States by France, adorns the southeast corner of Lafayette Square, originally named in honor of the illustrious general. The Government placed it on a pedestal of granite in sight of the White House, where he was entertained in 1824 by President Monroe.

The name of Lafayette shall never die;
'Twill shine as bright as stars in arctic sky;
And Freedom shall his glorious deeds illume
Resplendent o'er the darkness of the tomb!

The statue of Rochambeau, on the southwest corner, is a splendid specimen of the heroic warrior.

See the Thomas statue, with Luther in the background.

TREASURY AND PATENT OFFICE.

The Treasury Department, nearby, is an object of great interest, particularly to bondholders! The people manage to get along with a few "greenbacks" and "silver certificates," while the national banks have a way of helping themselves. Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice and War Secretary of the Treasury was the father of the "greenback," that conquered the rebellion.

Alexander Hamilton, born in the West Indies, of Scotch and French

parents, was the first Secretary of the Treasury. He was the greatest intellectual manipulator of the Revolutionary War, the pioneer of the Constitution, and the Jupiter of American finance. Daniel Webster says of this great man, who was murdered by Aaron Burr:

"He smote the rock of national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth! He touched the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang to its feet!"

Would that some power might send us to-day another Hamilton! But, alas! most of our modern statesmen seem but grasshopper politicians buzzing and chirping only for their personal ambition—pork people in power.

The Patent Office is the most perfect public building in Washington. Its massive Doric marble columns and

full length windows are broad gauge, and fashioned after the classic masters of Grecian architecture. The inventions of American genius exhibited within its lofty halls, dazzle the beholder, and no nation in the world but France excels us in the number of patents annually allowed. In electricity, steam, air, and mechanics we outrival any nation on the globe, and the day is nigh when our inventors and savants will solve the problem of the flying machine. I firmly believe that before the end of the twentieth century we shall master the navigation of the air. The idea that a crow, or condor, with blood, bones, flesh and feathers, can outdo lordly man, the image of his Creator, is preposterous. My friends, we will not tolerate such an idea, and if some Yankee don't invent a practical flying machine, I'll

try and make one myself, even if I have to straddle Pegasus!

See the Government Printing Office —the largest in the world.

THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Free Public Library of Washington, donated by Andrew Carnegie, is built of pure white marble and of Grecian architecture. President Roosevelt, Commissioner Macfarland, and Mr. Carnegie made eloquent speeches on the dedication of the institution, and I contributed the following poetic spray to the laurel wreath of victorious education:

Temple of Knowledge, pure and white,
Shine on in beauty, day and night,
The young and old, from sun to sun,
Who come and go from Washington,
Shall here find food without a stain,
To nourish every working brain,
That wish to write a lasting name
Upon the templed towers of fame.

Diffuse thy light adown the ages,
Where Hope and Love on golden pages
Shall teach this truth in every clime and soil
"That those who think must govern those
who toil."
And to Carnegie shall great glory spring,
For, to the people, he is more than king;
A man who builds upon the God-like plan,
Believing in the "royalty of man!"

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

Only a block away from the Patent Office, on Tenth street, we behold Ford's Theater, where Wilkes Booth, the crazy actor, assassinated Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, on the night of the 14th of April, 1865—five days after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Across the street you behold the house where "Honest Old Abe" breathed his last, at seven o'clock the next morning, surrounded by his Cabinet and sorrowing friends.

Though liberty, justice, and truth have often been nailed to the cross, they have always had a resurrection day.

Those who die for liberty become famous on earth and immortal in heaven. The centuries are filled with men and women of heroic mold, but the lofty characters of Christ, Socrates, Galileo, Columbus, Roland, Emmet, John Brown, and Lincoln are eternal in their self-sacrifice and martyrdom for truth.

> Onward moves the crowding ages
> Like a flood of golden pages,
> Filled with treasures of the mind
> And liberty for all mankind!

The assassination of this great man sent a shock through the hearts of mankind, as if a universal earthquake had rocked the firm foundation of the world.

The nations went in mourning for his loss, and the crape of sorrow, like a lowering cloud, darkened every heart. From the headwaters of the Columbia to the limpid rills of the Indus and from the mountain falls of the Amazon to the crags and peaks of the Danube, one universal sigh broke on the breeze and reverberated in the heavy hearts of his own fellow-citizens. He was very dear to all the Union soldiers, because he was our "Commander and Chief," and we fondly called him "Father Abraham."

Rooted firmly and deeply in the rifted rocks of time shall be his temple of everlasting glory. The mountains of America, lifting their heads unto the boundless blue, and the murmuring rivers of the continent shall mingle forever with his fame, but the noblest monument to his memory

are the four million shackles struck from the galling limbs of the bondsmen.

The example of the immortal Lincoln shall continue to bless the human race until, crowned with the diadem of Liberty, we shall acknowledge the image of God in all men and pluck from the calendar of our hearts the demon of caste and persecution!

So long as liberty endures,
His deathless name shall be
A beacon light for every soul
That struggles to be free!

GRAND REVIEW—A CONQUERING ARMY.

A few weeks after the death of this pure patriot a mighty procession took place in Washington. The grand review of the Army of the United States in celebration of its blood-bought victories. Although Lincoln was not

permitted to behold this vast multitude of soldiers and citizens, he knew that the God of battles had given victory to the Union, and like Moses of old, he saw the glory of the "Promised Land" before his eyes closed on earthly scenes.

On the 23d of May, 1861, the Union Army crossed the Potomac into Virginia to subdue and conquer the Rebellion, and exactly four years later, after a terrible war, unparalleled in modern times, the soldiers of the Union who had saved the nation from disintegration and ruin marched in triumph through the Capital, amid the reverberating shouts of multitudes.

Cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers marched in company front from the heights of Capitol Hill to the heights of Georgetown. From sunrise on the 23d of May to sunset

on the 24th these battle-scarred warriors, more than two hundred thousand, tramped along Pennsylvania avenue, in dusty and faded uniforms, with tattered flags waving in the breeze above shining bayonets, and all keeping step to the music of the Union.

President Johnson, Secretary Stanton, General Grant, the hero of Appomattox, and many noted statesmen occupied the reviewing stand in front of the White House. And as General Meade and his Army of the Potomac rounded the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Fifteenth street, one universal shout was sent up into the air, and echoed and re-echoed until his invincible columns passed the reviewing stand. The second day was more than a repetition of the first; and when General William

Tecumseh Sherman appeared at the head of his unconquerable "Bummers," with Logan, Blair, and Slocum as his loyal lieutenants, the multitude seemed to have lost their heads, and a pandemonium of pleasure reigned in the hearts of all true and loyal Americans.

Look at those bronzed-faced veterans, in torn hats, coats, breeches, and tattered shoes, carrying dented canteens, bulging haversacks, stuffed knapsacks, cackling chickens, squealing pigs, and followed by crying goats and braying donkeys, and you may get some idea of "Sherman's Bummers." I was one of them myself—and, in fact, I haven't got entirely over the disease yet!

But, remember, when your laugh and curiosity are over, that those were the boys that captured Buckner

at Fort Donelson, killed and routed Johnston's army at Shiloh, defeated and scattered Bragg's army at Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain, and finally put to flight Johnston, Longstreet, and Hood at Knoxville, Resaca, New Hope, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, until "Uncle Billy's Bummers" marched through the heart of the Confederacy and planted "Old Glory" over the broken wrecks of the rebellion down by the sounding sea.

"So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain—
While we were marching through Georgia!"

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY ALARMED WASHINGTON.

The glorious joy of the people of Washington at the "Grand Review" was a great contrast to their consternation when General Jubal Early, in the fall of sixty-three, threatened the Capital with his raiding lines of "gray." From the amphitheater of hills to the north, he beheld the dome of the Capitol and the steeples and towers of the city.

The men who sleep at the National Cemetery, near Fort Stevens, on the Seventh street road, could once tell the story. Convalescent hospital soldiers, Department clerks, storekeepers, and mechanics held the rebels in check for twenty-four hours. But when the Sixth Army Corps came in sight, with General Wright at its head,

he immediately deployed his skirmishers to the front, and followed them up with column after column of weather and battlefield soldiers, who made quick work of Early and his raiders, driving them from the field in a few hours, never to appear before Washington again. President Lincoln witnessed the fight.

It is stated, as a fact, that if General Early had not stopped at Silver Springs, the home of old Francis Blair, to drink of its sparkling waters, embellished with "Kentucky trimmings," he might have captured Washington.

What "might have been" never found a place in my philosophy. *The eternal now* is all of life. It's no use talking or wailing about the past. All successful rebels are patriots. All defeated rebels are traitors. Suc-

cess and might make right. Does it? No! For right is right, and wrong is wrong forever.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

The Smithsonian Institute, with its sandstone turrets, towers and gables, is a gift to the United States by James Smithson, an English philanthropist and scholar. It is dedicated to science, progress, and the diffusion of knowledge, and has been the pioneer and supporter of many colleges and universities.

Professor Joseph Henry, whom I had the honor of knowing, one of the fathers of magnetism and electricity, was for many years Superintendent of the Institution. His bronze statue adorns the grounds to-day, while his remains rest under the shadows of

Oak Hill. He was a peculiar man, and some people called him "a crank," because he tethered and pastured an alderney cow on the public lawn in sight of his office window, to make sure of getting unadulterated milk. But the eagle heeds not the chirp of the sparrow, or croak of the vulture, and sails right on through its own shining, starlit realm.

How true! "The shallows murmur, while the depths are dumb." Those who love the study of ornithology, and wish to while away the hours with the beautiful feathered tribe, can here behold rare specimens artistically arranged in glass cases.

The irridescent colors of the humming bird and bird of Paradise, the drab gray colors of the auk, eagle, condor, and wild turkey, with their variety of colored eggs, can be seen here in rich profusion.

And the National Museum, a recent adjunct, is largely overcrowded with the rarest specimens of natural, artificial, and scientific relics and memorials. It is a great object-lesson for the rising generation, and school children should often visit this repository of rare and interesting sights.

Behold the Halls of the Ancients, on New York avenue.

BOTANICAL GARDEN.

The Botanical Garden, ten acres in extent, at the west end of the Capitol grounds, on Pennsylvania avenue, was virtually established about the time the Government archives were removed from Philadelphia, a hundred years ago. It is devoted to the propagation of rare plants, flowers, and trees, and can produce those from any land on the globe. Many specimens are exchanged for those of the

royal gardens of Europe, and the few gardens of London are represented here.

Mr. William R. Smith, and his Scotch collie, in front, both of Caledonian lineage, have presided over the garden for forty-five years. I mean Smith, not the dog, although he takes as much interest in the flowers and visitors as the superintendent. The dog is poetically inclined, and can bark in the language of Bobby Burns, the patron saint of Mr. Smith, who boasts of his rare collection of Burns's works. Carnegie, the library builder, is chummy with Smith.

In the background of this picture you see the great Bartholdi fountain that was exhibited by the French Government at the Philadelphia Centennial, and looming over all you see the great glass greenhouse containing the rarest floral productions.

Senators, Representatives, Cabinet ministers, their wives and daughters, receive many floral tributes from this garden, and thousands of dollars have been spent by Uncle Sam to teach his nephews and nieces how to cultivate rare plants and beautiful flowers, bright-eyed emblems of the Creator. The money is well spent, and I trust each succeeding year greater appropriations may be made for the propagation and enlargement of these perfumed beauties. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The progress and glory of a nation is known by its cultivation of beautiful things and grand ideals. For, after all, *the ideal is the real!*

Music is in the soul of the musician before it springs from the lute or the Steinway piano; color and form are in the painter's mind before brushed

onto canvas; the God-like form is in the heart of the sculptor before it appears in marble and bronze, and the sweet songs and sublime periods of the poet thrill his fevered brain before flashed upon an admiring world.

POST-OFFICE AND PENSION OFFICE.

The Washington City Post-Office on Pennsylvania avenue is a gray granite building of lofty proportions. It covers a whole square, is eight stories high, with a pointed roof and square tower 365 feet from the pavement to the pinnacle.

There is a great clock in the tower, with illuminated dials, at the cardinal points fifteen feet in diameter. The minute-hand is eleven feet long, and the hour six feet six inches. The Roman numerals are twenty-six inches,

and, taking the great "town clock" all in all, it is the finest in the United States.

The office has as good facilities for the entrance and exit of mail matter with light and ventilation as any in the world. Like the Washington Monument, National Library, and Capitol, the great City Post-Office is one of the most prominent objects of Washington, seen for many miles around under the mellow moonbeams or shimmering sunlight. The site and structure of this building cost three millions and a quarter of dollars and has forty acres of floor area.

The Pension Office, the largest brick building in the world, employs three thousand clerks in adjusting and paying the biggest pension roll in the world, for the largest triumphant army of modern times.

The great building is used for the purpose of inaugural balls, where the new President and thousands of his friends shine in resplendent glory, and gorgeous banners, golden mottoes, and enchanting music thrill the hearts and souls of brave men and fair women.

General M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster General of the United States, and engineer, was the architect of the Pension building. This loyal, honest Army officer disbursed during the late rebellion the sum of *three billions of dollars* and accounted for every cent. He rests from his labors under the oak shadows of Arlington, and as long as the murmuring Potomac at its feet glides onward to the sounding sea, Meigs and his soldier comrades shall be gratefully remembered by a liberty-loving people.

PRIVATE MANSIONS.

There are many fine private mansions in Washington, with spacious halls bordered with onyx and marble staircases, with mahogany and rosewood balusters, and lofty golden gilt parlors, bearing on their walls oil paintings and pictured tapestries from the hands of old masters. Fifty thousand dollars would not purchase some of these art treasures.

Among the large number of costly and artistic buildings may be seen Henderson castle, at the head of Florida avenue and Sixteenth street, overlooking the Capitol, from whose towers, on a clear day, the woodland heights of Mount Vernon, twenty miles away, may be distinguished by the traveler.

Ex-Senator John B. Henderson, of

Missouri, is the fortunate owner, and, with his charming wife and son, entertains lavishly. He is a national politician, a daring diplomat, a noted financier, an able lawyer, and a generous patron of *belles lettres*, art, and science.

The Sherman mansion, opposite Franklin Park, is built of gray rock, as solid and true as the bold Secretary of the Treasury, who resumed specie payment in the face of chronic growlers and financial fakirs, who forever prophesy ill and do nothing!

On the north side of Lafayette Park you behold the home of John Hay, the author of "Little Breeches," "Jim Bludsoe," private secretary of President Lincoln, and Ambassador to England. He was once a poor newspaper Bohemian, and, like Whitelaw Reid, late Ambassador to

France, married a fortune. But his money and political power will soon pass away, and be lost and forgotten like the sparkling dews of morning, when the rich philosophy of "Jim Bludsoe" will carry the name of the Poet Hay down the circling years.

"He war'nt no Saint, but at Judgment day
I'd stand my chance with 'Jim;'
Alongside 'er some pious 'Gent'
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
For he saw his duty clar,
And he done it thar and then;
And Christ aint a goin' to be too hard
On a man what died for men!"

There are a number of business buildings in Washington devoted to banking, trade, and merchandise, and while the Capital is not a city of great firms or manufacturing establishments, there is no good reason why the waters of Rock Creek and the falls of the Potomac should not be har-

nessed to electric machinery that would light and heat the National Capital as well as turn the mill wheels of great manufacturing structures.

The Washington Loan and Trust Company building is a fine symmetrical granite and iron structure, occupied by the best business men of the city. Its first floor is devoted to banking, and contains large safe deposit vaults with untold wealth within its lockers.

John Joy Edson, of the institution, in conjunction with B. H. Warner and others, have been the main props in its organization. They are self-made, typical business men, and an honor to any community.

The new Western Union Telegraph building is a landmark of practical progress, having a connection with twenty-five thousand miles of wire,

five ocean cables, and a telegraph transfer money system that reaches around the civilized world.

The Baltimore Sun building is a ten-story brick, stone, and iron foundation, filled with various professional people, its three upper stories being used as offices for the Interstate Commerce Commission. Its tapering tower is a center point of Washington, and from its windows can be seen the variegated hues of the Capitol, nestling in a sea of emerald foliage at its base.

The Washington Star newspaper building is one of the finest offices in the nation, ten stories high, built of white marble.

THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, Evening Star!
It's no wonder that you are
Far above the world so high—
Marble poem in the sky!

> For through all your growing years,
> With the people's smiles or tears,
> You have sympathized and wrought
> In the noblest, loftiest thought.

The Washington Post building, constructed of gray rock from the Buckeye State, is one of the most prominent buildings on Pennsylvania avenue, sheltering newspaper correspondents of distant cities and the Associated Press.

See the great New Willard Hotel.

The Boston Dry Goods House, on F street, is a point of constant interest to the passing tourist, male or female. From four to five o'clock of a sunny afternoon, when the pigeonhole people of the various Departments or clerical galley slaves escape from their official sweat-boxes, and airs, not from Araby the blessed, mingle with the universal run of human fish that wiggle, squirm,

glide, and dart along this highway of Vanity Fair. The moving mass is certainly a sight to the contemplative beholder, who has eyes to see, ears to hear, and heart and brain to feel.

WASHINGTON VANITY FAIR.

Ethnologically speaking, Washington can show in the winter season a variety of humanity seldom seen elsewhere.

See the tall Texan and cavalier Kentuckian jostle against the quick-step man from Michigan and Massachusetts. The Creole from New Orleans crowds the corporation counsel from New York. The listless man from the everglades of Florida circles around the independent Californian. The rushing hustler from Colorado and Kansas elbows the

pride of Old Virginia, and the Hoosier from the Black Jack prairies and sycamore bottoms of Indiana bumps against the Buckeye from the "United States of Ohio," who holds an elastic mortgage on political power and claims a fee simple on the earth.

Then pepper this moving throng of Americans with the Italian dago, the cruel and swarthy Spaniard, the fantastic Frenchman, the stolid German, the arrogant Englishman, the wild-eyed, mercurial Irishman, the canny Scotchman, the smart dressed-up Jap, the moon-faced Chinaman, the bell-crowned Korean, the turbanned Turk, the fur-faced Russian, the lonely, lingering Indian, the emancipated negro, the sharp and everlasting Jew—and you have a kaleidoscopic view of peripatetic humanity rarely seen on the face of the globe.

And to make the scene more enhancing and thrilling, you hear the rush and roar of electric cars and the rumble of shining carriages swept along by bobtail bays, among dodging bicycle riders and automobiles, all moving over smooth asphaltum pavements that extend for one hundred and ten miles, running over three hundred and sixty-six miles of sewers, ranging from two to twenty-two feet in diameter, large enough to drive through with a farm hay wagon.

Washington is a city of severe contrasts. You may behold any day in the week the ramshackle shanty of the Caucasian or colored citizen standing beside the mansion of the millionaire, and the creaking cart of the ragpicker rolling along beside the costly carriage and royal outfit of foreign

diplomats. There is less toadyism among the business and independent people of Washington than any class of citizens in the United States. They give no flattery or genuflections to official functionaries from the backwoods, who accidentally or otherwise come to Congress, and even periodical President's and Cabinet clerks are not sought after by solid citizens, and are only great for a short season, in their own estimation, or the shining sycophants who follow in their social or official trail.

Washingtonians know how hollow, insincere, and ephemeral are all the blandishments of official life, and pass them by with supercilious indifference, or studied contempt.

CURIOUS AND NOTED PEOPLE.

For more than thirty-five years I have known many curious, notorious, and famous people about the National Capital.

Beau Hickman, a kind of Beau Nash or Beau Brummel, lingered around the city as a sport and genteel "dead beat," claiming to be one of the F. F. V.'s—a fellow of stale jests, who lived on his wits, pandering to the vanity and credulity of the passing throng—a cast-off garment of rural gentility.

See "Col." Pinchover, the railroad "inventor."

Billy McGarrahan, the genial and jolly Irishman, died a short time ago of a broken heart, after trying for nearly forty years to get back the ranch and quicksilver mine that was filched from him by a California corporation.

But the celebrated "McGarrahan claim" is only one of the vast number that have been on the calendar of Congress and the Departments for a number of years. Poverty-stricken heirs have struggled in vain, generation after generation, to induce the Government to liquidate its honest obligations. If the individual would act the part of a bluffer and official robber, as the Government does through its pampered officers, bankruptcy or the prison would be its portion.

The progress of great cities has been advanced and pushed forward by bold or brilliant men. Pericles and Phidias pushed Athens up to the highest pinnacle of art and power, with the classical Parthenon shining as a crown of architectural glory, while Alcibiades and Aspasia reigned as fashion monarchs of the hour.

Paris, with its crooked streets, dens of poverty and iniquity, was straightened out into great avenues, open parks, spacious sewers, and immense water works by the daring Baron Haussmann, architect for Louis Napoleon.

And Washington City, the Paris of America, was taken from a cobblestone, straggling town, filled with dust and garbage, and built up out of the mud of ignorance and slavery and placed in the concrete of freedom, by that other Baron Haussmann, Alexander R. Shepherd, whose bronze monument will soon decorate one of the most extensive parks of the Capital.

There is one character that has lingered around Washington for a hundred years, more or less, and he is a consolidated individual known as

the "office-seeker," "office-holder," and "office-loser," who, as you may observe, has arrived at the last stage of the game. A Texas blizzard seems to have visited the retired statesman. He is one of the "Ex's" that can be found out without an X-ray, and this is his parting soliloquy:

Yesterday, I was a seeker for office and glory and cash;
To-day I'm a "holder" and settled and dine upon fresh turkey hash.

Yesterday, I climbed the ladder the people put up for my cheer—
To-day I'm a big bloated bladder—
And drawing five thousand a year.

To-morrow, then, I am forgotten, and off for the wild woolly West,
To feel like an outcast that's rotten—
Or a cuckoo without any nest!

NATIONAL LIBRARY.

The diffusion of knowledge and the education of the people is the best

guarantee of the perpetuity of the nation.

Adversity is the common school of philosophy, and prosperity the university of wisdom, while grand architectural beauty elevates the soul into the realms of sublimity.

From the invention of letters and hieroglyphics by the Babylonians and Egyptians to the pen parchments of Greece and Rome and the type printing of Germany, there has never been such a magnificent structure erected for the reception and repository of letters and books as that recently completed by the United States.

A thousand years hence, Macaulay's traveler from New Zealand, after sketching the ruins of St. Paul from the broken arches of London Bridge, may take his aerial flight westward over the roaring billows of old

ocean, with the speed of a wild pigeon and, resting for a moment on the aluminum pinnacle of the Washington Monument, sketch the granite columns and golden dome of the National Library, still towering into the sunlight of freedom and shining with pristine glory over a Republic of five hundred millions of independent Americans.

There it stands, a mausoleum for the general sheaves of genius; a beacon light of hope and love, where the poet, musician, painter, and sculptor clasp hands with science and religion, irradiating the world with their lofty thoughts in books and bronze.

Washington City is the national granary for books; and from all the fields in the world it daily, weekly, and yearly gleans sheaves and stacks of thought that is mounting to an Olympus of universal knowledge.

The people of Washington are the most omniverous thinkers and readers in the country; and there are more private, club, school, society, fraternal, and public places where books of all kinds can be found than any other city in this Republic.

Advantage for education, both theoretical and through noted object-lessons, are greater here than elsewhere, and it is considered a privilege by the citizens of the various States of the Union to live in the intellectual and social atmosphere of the Capital.

This building is the largest, safest, and most costly library in the world, constructed of granite, marble, onyx, brick, terra-cotta, steel, iron, and glass, lit by two thousand windows, and absolutely fireproof.

It is four hundred and seventy feet long, three hundred and forty feet

wide, and two hundred feet high to the tip of the golden torch that illumes its crest.

More than four hundred thousand cubic feet of granite, twenty-three millions of brick, four thousand tons of steel and iron, and a hundred thousand barrels of cement were used in the construction of this grand Pantheon of ideals. It cost about seven millions of dollars.

The colossal fountain, with the sea god Neptune and his court, strikes the eye of the beholder when first he views the west front, and the main entrance pavilion, with its flowing granite steps, lamps, columns, and statues, is unequaled on the globe.

There is the grand staircase, beautiful, artistic, and lofty, with the lamps of genius illuminating the footsteps of the traveler, while the great octag-

onal reading-room, sixty feet high, with statues of great thinkers crowning its rim and artistic paintings brightening its concave dome.

Every school boy and girl and teacher in the Republic should view and contemplate this *poem in stone*, once in their lives; and when age comes on they should speak of its beauty and glory to their children and children's children, teaching them—

> That Truth and Beauty never die,
> But like the star-lit radiant sky,
> They shine resplendent o'er the wave
> And gild the gloom that wraps the grave.

FIRST VIEW OF WASHINGTON.

One cold, drizzling evening in November, 1866, I viewed for the first time the straggling outskirts of Washington, with the great white dome of

the Capitol beating back the whirling clouds of a gloomy sunset.

Arriving at the ramshackle Baltimore and Ohio depot, on New Jersey avenue, under the very shadow of the Halls of Congress, where it still disfigures and disgraces the city, I made my way to Pennsylvania avenue along First to Second street over a rustic wooden bridge spanning the sluggish Tiber or Goose Creek, putting up for the night at the old Washington House, a noted resort for Congressmen and Indians.

The new Union depot, with its approaches, costing five millions of dollars, will be one of the greatest passenger terminals in the world. It is seven hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide, and fifty feet high, presenting an architectural front as imposing as the classic structures of Ionian Isles.

When all the railroads and coal mines of the nation are consolidated, purchased, and operated by the Government, the day of strikes and riots will be at an end, and the people will be the common and preferred stockholders in all our commercial traffic.

Broken macadam and cobble-stones constituted the street equipment, and board planks and rough bricks were used for foot pavements. Loaded wagons drawn by mules often sank in the mud to the hubs on Pennsylvania avenue, Seventh, and Fourteenth streets, while hogs, cattle, goats, geese, ducks, buzzards, and vagrant dogs acted as scavengers for the city. These animals seemed to constitute themselves into a board of health, as it were, not finally relieved until 1871, when Senators, Representatives, and Executive awoke to the fact that this

was a civilized age and this city the Capital of the great Republic.

Soon after, Governor Alexander R. Shepherd, with a competent Board of Health and Board of Public Works, began the real foundation of the new Washington, and ever since the authorities of the Capital have been working out the grand plan made by Major L'Enfant, who first surveyed, under the eye of George Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances.

I remember muddy Tiber Creek, running across Second street, through the Government propagating garden, Missouri Park, Smithsonian Grounds, Agricultural and Monument lots, along B street to Nineteenth, where it flowed in lazy ripples, smelling in summer and freezing in winter, where the small boy, black and white, swam and skated as the season permitted.

Those were happy, blissful, ignorant days for the citizens of Washington, who were just rubbing their astonished eyes and waking up out of the Rip Van Winkle sleep of slavery.

The blue coats of the North, like the blue birds of the forest, brought in the spring of life and progress in their train, and began to build up the waste places of the South, so fearfully ravaged by the terrible hands of fratricidal war.

At that time, 1866, Washington City and Georgetown looked more like the wreck of a military and hospital camp than a stately city. Its hills, vales, and houses had been scarred and thrilled with the passing tramp of a conquering army, and the surrounding country bordering on the Potomac and Anacostia presented a network of rifle pits, redoubts, and

forts, some of the bold red crests still battling with the rains, snows, and suns of forty years.

These scars of war remain long on the bosom of mother earth, like the scars of defeat linger in the mind of an old soldier; yet Time, with its healing balm, smooths away the wounds of memory and wrinkles of regret, lifting the soul to a higher plane, where the songs of the victor and the vanquished may mingle in harmonious chorus over the eternal establishment of Union and liberty for all mankind.

The northwest part of Washington has improved with wonderful rapidity, and will continue its onward progress as long as the rolling hills of Georgetown and Rock Creek look down upon the shining spires, temples, and mansions of the Capital.

I have seen domestic beasts of all kinds feeding on the grass and garbage clumped about the sites of the British Legation, Blaine, Leiter, Patterson, and Walsh mansions, and I have warmed myself in the midnight hours on my way to Georgetown by the roaring and flashing fires of brick kilns along P street and Massachusetts avenue, where the Blaine and Walsh mansions now stand. The head of Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, abutting on Florida avenue, was the site of the old Holmead Cemetery. Little do the sleepers in those aristocratic brick blocks and flats know that they are living over a graveyard. Yet the whole earth is nothing but the cold and silent tomb of man, and those alive to-day on its rushing surface are not a handful to the millions that rest within its capacious bosom.

In the winter of 1867 and 1868 the citizens of the Capital had great fun skating on Babcock Lake from Fifteenth to Nineteenth streets, through the lower end of the White Lot and Monument Grounds, on to the glassy surface of the winding Potomac. The freeze lasted several weeks, and a "rink" was erected where the boys and girls of the city skated day and night, their pathway lit by the light of Luna, whose pale rays shone on love's vows and kisses to the ring and clink of merry revelers. Who can forget those bright, flitting, passionate hours—

When hearts beat warmly on that icy shore,
Alas! long vanished to the Nevermore!

Romantic Rock Creek, from the location of the Zoo and Lyon's Mills

on to the mouth of the Potomac, was filled with jolly skaters.

Where love and laughter thrilled the scene,
And life was rushing, brave and keen;
When leaping blood through every vein
Destroyed the pangs of earthly pain.

Washington is yet in its boyhood. One hundred years from now it will contain two millions of inhabitants, and the United States be populated with two hundred millions of free citizens.

The Great Falls of the Potomac will be harnessed to mammoth electric dynamos that will generate sufficient power to light the city and run the wheels of great factories and mills that will line the rolling hills of the Potomac on to tidewater, Alexandria, and the Chesapeake Bay.

Lordly millionaire mansions will top each knoll and hill around the circling rim of the Capital.

Art and science will find its choicest home in the "City of magnificent distances," and genius, with its tireless brain, will come from all lands and climes, nestling at last under the glinting glory of the Goddess of Liberty.

The patrons of poetry, music, painting, and sculpture will find its greatest encouragement in this modern Athens of the Occident, and will "some day" surpass the boasted productions of oriental grandeur. Washington is destined to be the most picturesque city in the world, and while Babylon, Rome, and Constantinople boast of their vanished glory and classic heroes, young America, in his strenuous strides of architectural and electric progress, will outstrip the loftiest dreams of antiquity.

Transportation by pneumatic tubes

and flying machines will soon be resolved to practical utility; and we will wonder at the slow progress of our fathers who, in their ignorance, were content with the creeping railroad trains of to-day!

It is preposterous to think and acknowledge that the pigeon, duck, crow, and bustard, that wing the upper ocean of air, have more brains and knowledge than man! No! we shall soon have electric buggies, cars, and trains, filled with human freight, flying over the tallest mountains and stormiest seas, and in our criscross sky sailing we may meet the inhabitants of old Luna or red Mars, who will lead us to the shining worlds beyond this sphere, where life and love are eternal!

The decline, decay, and danger of future Washington, following the

rôle of the rich and illustrious capitals of antiquity, will be found in its sordid greed, purse-proud folly, luxurious display and military tyranny, where the heart and soul are sacrificed for the pence, pounds, and dollars of Mammon. Then poetry, music, painting, and sculpture will take flight to other lands, where purity and virtue can find a congenial, happy, and honest home.

> We bloom and rise but to decay,
> And then like leaves we pass away,
> While other hearts and other hands
> Shall occupy our homes and lands.

MONUMENT AND CAPITOL.

The traveler from foreign or domestic lands approaching the City of Washington by stage, boat, or rail, whether from the foothills of the Blue Ridge, the rocky crags of the

Alleghenies, or the placid waters of the Potomac, beholds very often, when thirty of forty miles away, the pinnacle point of the Washington Monument, and the broad swelling dome of the National Capitol rearing its grand proportions three hundred and fifty feet above the Peace Monument on Pennsylvania avenue into the shimmering sunshine of this glorious Republic.

The rising sun of dewy morn gilds the Goddess of Liberty with his earliest beams, and as he sinks to rest over the Appalachian chain of mammoth mountains, bathes her form in a flame of mellow, golden light.

Before the permanent establishment of the Capital at the beginning of this century, it was tossed about like a tramp or poor relation to nine

different cities, seeking "a local habitation and a name."

The personal efforts of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson finally prevailed with Congress, and it found a lasting home on the vernal banks of the Potomac, where the North and South clasp hands in fraternal fellowship forever.

The corner-stone of the old sandstone Capitol was laid by Washington himself, with Masonic ceremonies, on the 18th of September, 1790; and the corner-stone of the new marble extension was laid by Millard Fillmore, with mystic rites, on the 4th of July, 1851, and finished in the fall of 1867. The following account is from an eyewitness reported in the Alexandria Gazette:

ACCOUNT OF CEREMONY.

"On Wednesday last one of the grandest processions took place which, perhaps, ever was exhibited on the like important occasion.

"About 10 o'clock Lodge No. 9, Georgetown, and Lodge No. 22, Alexandria, with all their officers in regalia, appeared on the southern banks of the grand river Potomack. One of the finest companies of volunteer artillery that has been lately seen paraded to receive the President of the United States, who shortly appeared in sight from Mount Vernon, with his suite, to whom the artillery paid their military honors, and his excellency President Washington and suite crossed the Potomack and was received in Maryland by the lodges, whom the President

headed, and preceded by a band of music, the rear, brought up by the Alexandria Volunteer Artillery, with grand solemnity of march, proceeded to the President's Square, in the city of Washington, where they were met and saluted by Lodge No. 15, of the city of Washington, in all their elegant regalia, headed by Brother Joseph Clark, Rt. W. G. M., P. T., and conducted to a large lodge prepared for the purpose of their reception.

"After a short space of time, by the vigilance of Brother C. W. Stephenson, grand marshal P. T., the brotherhood and other bodies were disposed in a second order of procession, which took place amid a brilliant crowd of spectators of both sexes according to the following arrangement:

"The Surveying Department of the City of Washington.
Mayor and Corporation of Georgetown.
Virginia Artillery.
Commissioners of the City of Washington and their Attendants.
Stone Cutters.
Mechanics.
Two Sword Bearers.
Masons of the First Degree.
Bibles, &c., on Grand Cushions.
Deacons with their Staff of Office.
Masons of the Second Degree.
Stewarts with Wands.
Masons of the Third Degree.
Wardens with their Truncheons.
Secretaries with Tools of Office.
Past Masters with their Regalias.
Treasurers with their Jewels.
Band of Music.
Lodge 22, of Virginia, Disposed in their Own Order.
Corn, Wine, and Oil.
Grand Master P. T., George Washington, W. M., No. 22, Virginia.
Grand Sword Bearer.

"The procession marched two abreast in the greatest solemn dignity, with

bands playing, drums beating, colors flying, and spectators rejoicing from the President's Square to the Capitol, in the City of Washington, where the grand marshal ordered a halt and directed each file in the procession to incline two steps, one to the right and one to the left, and face each other, which formed a hollow oblong square through which the grand sword-bearer led the van, followed by Grand Master P. T., on the left, the President of the United States in the center, and the Worshipful Master of No. 22, Virginia, on the right. All the other orders that composed the procession advanced in the reverse order of march from the President's Square to the southeast corner of the Capitol, and the artillery filed off to the destined ground to display their maneuvers and discharge their cannon.

"The President of the United States, the Grand Master P. T., and the Worshipful Master of No. 22, taking their stand to the east of a huge stone, and all the craft forming a circle westward stood a short time in silent, aweful order.

"The artillery discharged a volley.

"The Grand Master delivered the Commissioners a large silver plate with an inscription thereon, which the Commissioners ordered to be read, and was as follows:

"The southeast corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the City of Washington, was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the thirteenth year of American Independence, in the first year of the second term of the Presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been as conspicuous and beneficent as his military valor and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties, and in the year of

Masonry, 5793, by the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge 22 from Alexandria, Va.

THOMAS JOHNSON,
DAVID STEWART,
DANIEL CARROLL,
Committee.

JOSEPH CLARK,
R. W. G. M., P. T.

JAMES HOBAN,
STEPHEN HALLETTE,
Architects.

COTTON WILLIAMSON,
Master Mason.

ARTILLERY HEARD.

"The artillery discharged a volley.

"The plate was then delivered to the President of the United States, who, attended by the Grand Master, P. T., and three most worshipful masters, descended to the Carvellon trench and deposited the plate and laid on it the corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, on

which was deposited corn, wine, and oil, when the whole congregation joined in aweful prayer, which was succeeded by Masonic chanting honors and a volley from the artillery.

"The President of the United States and his attendant brethren ascended from the Carvellon to the east of the corner-stone, and there the Grand Master, P. T., elevated on a triple rostrum, delivered the following oration:

"My Worthy Brethren:

"I presume you expect I shall in some measure address you on this very important occasion, which, I confess, is a duty incumbent on me, although quite inadequate to the task, and entirely unprepared, for until high meridian yesterday I was not solicitous, neither had I a conception to have the performance of this duty.

"Therefore, you will accept my observations with brotherly love; they are, I assure you, sincere, and dictated by a pure Masonic heart, though very brief.

"Brothers, I beg leave to declare to you that I have, and I expect that you also have, every hope that the grand work we have done to-day will be handed down, as well by record as by oral tradition, to the latest posterity—as the like work of that ever-memorable temple to our order, erected by our ancient G. M., Solomon.

"Twelve volleys of artillery punctuated the oration.

"The prayer was succeeded by Masonic chanting, and a fifteenth volley from the artillery.

"The whole company retired to an extensive booth on the Capitol grounds, where an ox of 500 pounds was barbacued, of which the company generally partook, with every abundance of other refreshments. The festival concluded with fifteen successive volleys of artillery whose discipline and maneuvers merit every commendation.

"Before dark the whole company departed, with joyful hopes of the production of their labors."

CONCLUSION—CAPITOL.

One night in June, when the full round moon was bathing that vast dome in a flood of silver light, I sat with my sweetheart on that marble corinthian column you behold on the southeast corner of the Capitol. This was the last column hoisted into place, and I trust when our spirits hover over this Republic a thousand years hence we shall still see this wilderness of angles, pilasters, and classic columns shining in the midday of freedom, in a land where liberty is law and union is eternal!

It would require a month of days and a genius for a guide to describe the beauty and grandeur of the

scrolls, stairs, halls, and wide and lofty rotunda of that magnificent structure, the finest in the world.

A thousand years that dome shall stand,
Above a great, united land;
Where Freedom rules from sea to sea
And man is only majesty!

That *Glorious Flag* shall ever wave,
Above the Tyrant and his grave—
And all the people proud and free
Shall sing the songs of Liberty!

Flash THE FLAG in glinting glory
To the sunlight and the breeze,
While you hear its grand old story
Over land and stormy seas.
And you'll gather from its beauty
The great lesson everywhere—
That those who do their duty
Are the heroes who will dare.
It was born in blood of battle
When the glorious, rising sun,
Ushered in the musket's rattle
On the field of Lexington,
Where the "red coats" found a foeman,
Who, alert on hill and gorge,

Would bow the knee to no man
Nor the minions of King George.
And Paul Jones of glorious memory,
The great captain of the sea,
From the masthead of Bonhomme
Flew the flag for you and me.
And captured the Serapis
Upon the English shore,
Defeating pirate tyrants
On the seas forevermore.
And we see it waving proudly
Over Yorktown and the James,
Where Washington so loudly
With cannon voice proclaims,
"'Surrender, Cornwallis,
With your raiding, robbing crew,
And drink the bitter chalice
To the 'red and white and blue.'"
And again we see it flutter
O'er the swamps of New Orleans,
Where the wounded "red coats" mutter
Round those bloody, deadly scenes.
While brave Jackson with his yeomen
On grounds so low and mucky
Routed all the British foemen
With his rifles from Kentucky.
And far across the mountains
Where the vine and cactus grow,

Amid dashing streams and fountains
On the plains of Mexico,
"Old Glory" and its heroes
Swept the tyrant from his lair,
Destroyed the cruel Neros
That would chain the people there.
And we shall all remember
Until our dying day,
The storms of wild December,
Where the rushing Blue and Gray
In deadly grapple battled
Over river, vale and crag,
Where cannon loudly rattled
For the triumph of the flag.
From Sumter unto Shiloh
From Vicksburg to the sea;
From Gettysburg to Petersburg,
With Meade and Grant and Lee.
The flag, though torn and tattered,
Unconquered still remains,
Our Union still unshattered
Where love and law still reigns.
And over every ocean
Has kept its right of way,
Alive with brave emotion
On to far Manila Bay.
Where Dewey and his gunners
Wiped out the tyrant stain—

Destroyed the naval runners
And the prestige of old Spain.
And up from Santiago
We hear the glorious cry
Where Spanish Don and Dago
Yield to men who do or die.
And there in bloody battle,
Beneath the tropic sky,
The heroes of the action
Were Wainwright, Clarke, and Schley.
And the flag must still go forward
Through many bloody scenes,
To carry faith and freedom
To the far-off Philippines,
Where boys in blue are bearing
"Old Glory" in the van—
The pioneers of daring,
For the liberty of man!

END.

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